

gagaku

it is
a hell
of a time
to write poems
about demons

the whole
neighborhood
is having
dinner

gagaku

silver belts
rather black leather
belts with a silver
or chrome
or stainless steel
buckle

black satin gowns
still the faces of white
rabbits
teeth showing
tongue scarlet

blue eyes
green head cloth

they play catch with books
the pages flop about

a gold pointed at one end object
it is disassembled into
a pile of gold
in lumps
the lumps hold together
as though fixed with
glue

the demons wave hatchets about
I'm not sure
they're demons

silver or chrome or stainless steel
axes